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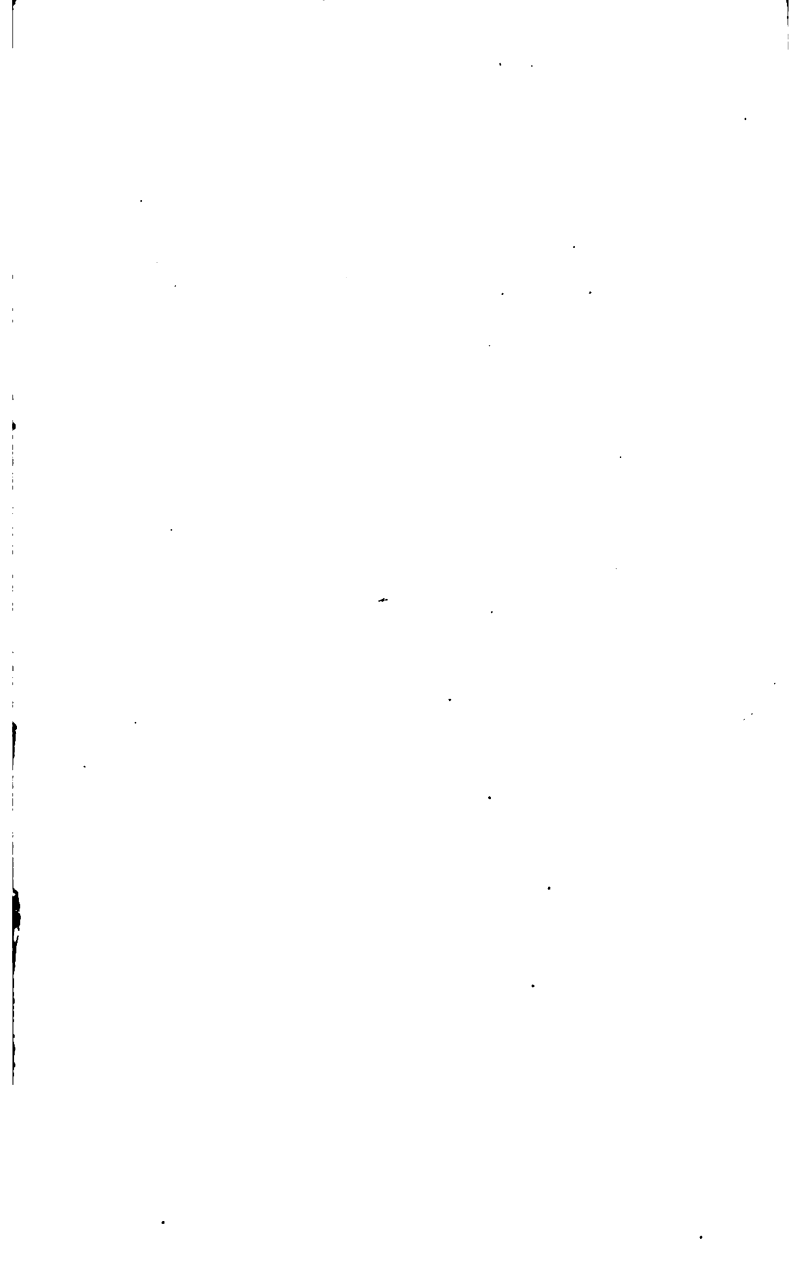




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IO IN EGYPT,  
AND OTHER POEMS.





# IO IN EGYPT,

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

RICHARD GARNETT.



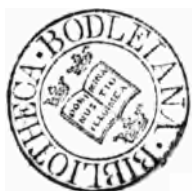
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## IO IN EGYPT.



O palm-grove, green 'mid lion-coloured  
sands,

No forest-heaving mount, no river coil'd

Involving in clear silver fair cham-  
paigns,

Saw Io, mad and dizzied vagabond,

Full thirty days, so long the visible wrath

Of Hera as a gad-fly followed her.

First from the awful pinnacle whereon,

Like a wreck'd star, the lorn Prometheus lay,

Precipitated. Pine on pine was crash'd ;

Stone—dusty, fiery—bounded after stone ;

The startled eagle's scream, a moment's space,

Vanquish'd the clash of cataracts. Then on

Through deep Armenia, where the baffled snow

Glares on the plenteous mulberry secure  
In sheltering glens. Then headlong through the  
still

Mesopotamia's splash'd unbroken plain ;  
Then ever-hungering deserts, no man's land,  
By Syria and Arabia both disown'd :  
Till her strength fail'd her, and she fell at once,  
Unwitting where.

Grey-cushion'd on soft mist,  
Fumed from broad fens, reposed the sullied moon.  
A slow stream nursed her image, as a weak,  
Down-couching mother holds her new-born babe  
Up toward the father's face. Green curtainers,  
The rigid reeds upstood, and tressy sedge  
Bathed in the water. Ever and anon  
The crocodile plunged stone-like ; herded bulks  
Of tumbling, snorting hippopotami,  
Churn'd the smooth light, or, drippingly emerged,  
Pash'd the tall-flowering marsh where Io slept.

She woke in sunlight. As an alchemist  
From crucible to chalice, Libya pour'd  
A molten flood on Egypt. Golden sheets  
Unbeaded by a bubble. Like a cloud

Ibis and pelican and feathery rose  
Of flush'd flamingo hover'd o'er the stream.  
Where the wing'd anguish ? vanish'd ! In its stead  
Stood mighty female forms, austere proud  
In the calm grandeur of colossal limbs.  
Linen their raiment, needle-wrought with gold,  
Gold-cinctured, billowing on the bosom, sunk  
Decorous to the bulrush-sandall'd feet.  
Braided the hair on each dark front serene,  
Jet-spiked by each smooth ear. Their almond eyes  
Dwelt mildly on the prostrate one, their hands  
Shook silverly the sistrum while they said :—

“ The land of refuge hails thee ! Hera's frown  
Melts in maternal Isis gravely mild.  
Come, Io—Io, come—and be our queen.

The millet thickens, and the joyous vine  
Runs riot in the Mareotic marsh ;  
The palm is doubly plumed, gourds doubly gild  
The earth by Io gladden'd with a queen.

I listen'd from the island in the Nile ;  
The waves were musical, the wheeling stars



Chimed in their courses, from the looming fane  
Low'd sacred Apis, and the voice of all  
Saluted Io coming to be queen.

A sound goes forth from Ethiopia ;  
The hills unlock their fountains, burden'd clouds  
Unsluice their murky waters, rills with rain  
Roll, rage and roar ; soon Nile with mighty floods  
Comes crowding on the land and blesses it—  
More blest with Io coming to be queen.

The dusky faces swarm into the streets ;  
They wait for thee with leopards leash'd in gold,  
With ebon, ivory, frankincense, and myrrh.  
The cymbals clash around Amenophis  
Sole-sitting in his royal seat ; his lords  
Look forth and hear him crying : ' See ye aught  
Of my dark sisters and my golden queen ? ' "

Then went she with them. Through plains,  
water-like

With the green millet's glimmer ; past the huts  
Huddled in date-trees ; where the sifted sand  
Lock'd the laborious foot, and camels lay

Cool in the shadow of the pyramid ;  
Through avenues enormous, sphinx on sphinx,  
And pillar'd streets and shouting multitudes.  
So to the palace, nich'd with gilded forms  
Of god and sage, and bright with giant kings  
Warring for ever on the pictured frieze ;  
Then the great court, awful with deities,  
Where press'd Amenophis his vivid throne,  
That seem'd a golden glowing apple, roll'd  
From the bent knees of his colossal gods.



## THE POPE'S DAUGHTER.

### A CONVERSATION PIECE.



HE Duke has craft, but very hard  
 To shun the bowl and poniard.  
 His dish is tasted? Vain device!  
 ‘Bring me a goblet cool’d with ice,’  
 Some hot noon, hawking, will he cry,  
 And drink, and wither presently.  
 Or some white mistress sleek and trim  
 Will stab the while she fondles him,  
 Or sour the nectar of her kiss  
 With frothy venom—”

Saying this  
 In his red arm-chair backward lay  
 Pope Alexander Borgia,  
 And smiled, and presently he slept.

But Cæsar and Lucretia kept  
 A watch, and saw smooth sleep unplough  
 The rugged lemon-coloured brow,

And calmness spread out from the hinge  
Of the small eyelid to its fringe,  
And the gross mouth made meek and tame,  
Until their sire seem'd not the same,  
But even a venerable man.

"Look at him," Cæsar said (and ran  
His foot about, rolling the crown  
Tiaral, by the Pope set down  
With care upon the velvet mat;)  
"My chaste Lucretia, how is't that  
The world will chide thee for the kiss  
Of one so fatherly as this?"  
And smiled an unambiguous smile.

She answer'd: "Cæsar, thou art vile,  
That, seeing well, as thou dost see,  
How there is that, which not to be  
Would bribe Lucretia to part  
(Her golden hair and her high heart  
Excepted only) with her all,  
With bitter sneer thou dost recall  
The ugly stain which he doth hide  
From himself in slumber."

At his side

She rose up, as a dragon doth  
When hounds crash through the undergrowth,  
Luminous, fire-like. Down her roll'd  
Her torrent hair, like sheets of gold  
Spear-proof. He hurriedly took up,  
With shaking hand, a wineless cup,  
And made pretence to empty it,  
Then mutter'd for relief :

“ The fit

Of daytide dozing overtakes  
Him oftener, day by day he breaks,  
And, dew of morn to dew of night,  
Our patient foemen put new light  
Into their eyes. But in this thing  
Is succour.”

Here he press'd the spring  
Of a gold box, the lid upflew,  
And ghastly vapour waver'd through  
The room ; but instantly he shut  
The casket down, and stirr'd his foot  
To wipe one fallen grainlet out,  
And smiled a plotter's smile. About  
His handsome face a sneer did pass,

And dark'd it sinisterly, as  
A gold-hair'd page's clear-skin'd bloom  
Is shadow'd by a vulture-plume.

“Content thee, man of petty schemes,”  
Replied she, “thou who hast no dreams  
Of heaven or hell, but murderest  
For some poor dukedoms at the best,  
And art, for all thy self-repute,  
A sbirro in a soldier's suit.  
When slow corruption sucks the shape  
From this old over-purple'd grape ;  
And thou mayst study in thy scathe  
Which mistress has the frailer faith,  
And where the postern-key was lost ;  
And when the salver, faun-emboss'd,  
Whereon these oranges are lain,  
Drops in a hot metallic rain ;  
And many a vase of mould divine  
Is borne to the Trasteverine  
By singing ruffians whirling high  
These rafters sheeted awfully  
With blaze and lustre, till the flame  
Roars down to them, and they are tame.

Courage ! This world can feed, alas !  
More bravoos even than it has.  
Thou wilt wear some one's badge, the best  
Condottier and princeliest !  
Dice, drink, dance, dazzle, do and die  
Ignobly somehow—what care I ?”

Then Cæsar did dissimulate  
A sudden sting of angry hate  
With an unbrotherly caress :—  
“ What of thyself, thou prophetess ?”

She answer'd : “ I am beautiful !  
To me our artist-rabble pull  
Their caps off joyously ; and so  
When our house flames I shall but go  
Across the square, and see it burn,  
And, if I miss a gem, return  
And seek it gaily. Cæsar mine,  
Would I had no worse dread than thine !  
But all my years have been a strife  
To lead an independent life,  
Defying all. My very birth—  
Pope's daughter ! challenge to the earth !

Ye shake your heads, ye sigh and rue,  
But the Pope's daughter laughs at you.  
The wine ye see my father pour  
At high mass, wets these lips before  
Your pious thirstiness ye slake ;  
And, will ye will ye not, ye take  
The host these fingers have prepared,  
That ye would cut off, if ye dared.  
But skies o'ercast and billows rage,  
And I must seek an anchorage,  
And gloss my face decorously,  
That kindly folk may say of me :  
' Alas ! the world exaggerates  
What Charity compassionates ;—  
Poor thing ! was she not tried by fire,  
With such a brother, such a sire ?  
See her great almsdeeds !' Yes, I look  
To be the duchess of some duke  
You mix'd a bowl for, possibly ;  
But ah ! how weary it will be  
To squander half the precious time  
At vesper-rite and matin-prime ;  
To watch a master ever by,  
Ruling my temper to his eye ;



To nurse a child on restless knees,  
To reprehend the levities  
Of maids of honour ; frown down men  
I would be kissing ; now and then  
Share in the dull pedantic task  
Of stiff allegorising masque ;  
Applaud a fool with serious face ;  
Ride out at no more joyous pace  
Than is allow'd by etiquette !  
Well, doubt not I shall pay the debt  
I owe for safety and respect.  
But if, some stormy twilight, wreck'd  
From isles the violent sea beyond,  
There come some artist-vagabond  
That cannot keep the gold he wins—  
Some stringer up of mandolins,  
Bard, sketcher, carver,—what care I ?  
How I shall watch him with an eye  
Alive with meanings fiercely sweet !  
Until the man, in his conceit,  
Fancies I love him, and perhaps  
My duke precautionally wraps  
A cord round both our necks."

She broke

Off here, for Alexander woke  
And quaff'd, and at Lucretia leer'd  
O'er the great chin without a beard.



## MELUSINA.



WAS when the loitering eves of idle June  
 Like breezeless barks went slow and  
 drowsy by,

And Vesper kindled, and the mellowing moon.

Stood out distinct against the deep-blue sky,  
 And the sun's wake, though he had vanish'd quite,  
 Edged half the sultry heaven with orange light—

Then, as a prison'd bird that will not sing  
 Another song than erst the woodland taught,  
 Where once she roved with free unfearful wing,  
 So Melusina would not chant of aught  
 But the still rivers, and of what may be  
 Lock'd in the deep illimitable sea.

And so her songs were fair with fairest shapes  
 Of Nixes that in reedy rivers roam,  
 And those that haunt the billow-beaten capes,  
 Flinging white arms around the flashing foam,

And those that aim their music and their smiles  
At seamen shallop-borne past purple isles.

She sang of the strange flowers that ever thrust  
Their blooms up towards the heaven they ne'er  
behold,

And caves where pearls lie prodigal as dust,  
And spars of veering violet and gold,  
And constant shells that evermore retain  
The moody music of the murmuring main.

The glowing woof of her bright songs portray'd  
Great Neptune awful in the majesty  
Of his vast amber palace, pearl-inlaid,  
Domed with that mighty emerald, the sea ;  
Or shining on his kingdoms like a star,  
As brine-born coursers snorted in his car.

Also she chanted of the faëry pride  
Of Amphitrite rising on the sea,  
When moonbeams kiss it, and the mounting tide  
Wantons beneath the argent luxury.  
On dolphins' backs the harping Nymphs are borne,  
The Tritons swim, and blow upon the horn.

Nor did she shun to tell of those who kiss

The wandering corpse, and bear it to the caves  
Lonely and deep, where tempest never is,

Nor any passion in the quiet waves ;  
But sweet low ripples stir with languid tone,  
And with their voice the spirit blends her own :—

“ Sleep, chilly form, and evermore forget

If thou hadst any wife or children dear,  
Or friendly cheek that haply may be wet,

Or eyelash silver'd with a growing tear ;  
Soothed to a dumb unalterable rest,  
With quiet folded round thee like a vest.

“ The savage wind that vex'd thee with its strife,

The treacherous wave that rose and whelm'd thy  
prow—

How gladly would they lay their troubled life

Adown, and rest them here, and be as thou !  
Repose for years untold they roam to find,  
And still are weary wave and weary wind.”

As one who with a buried lover's ghost

Walks, while the white moon wanders up the sky,

And in the shadowy kisses joys almost  
As much as though the living Love were by,  
Her yearning spirit did she half appease  
With such vague dreams and dim remembrances.



## EVEN-STAR.

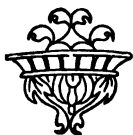
**F**IRST-BORN and final relic of the night,  
 I dwell aloof in dim immensity ;  
 The grey sky sparkles with my fairy light ;  
 I mix among the dancers of the sea,  
 Yet stoop not from the throne I must retain  
 High o'er the silver sources of the rain.

Vicissitude I know not, nor can know,  
 Yet much discern strew'd everywhere around ;  
 The ever-stirring race of men below  
 Much do I watch, and wish I were not bound  
 The chainless captive of this lonely spot,  
 Where light-wing'd Mutability is not.

I see great cities rise, which being hoar  
 Are slowly render'd unto dust again ;  
 And roaring billows preying on the shore ;  
 And virgin isles ascending from the main ;

The passing wave of the perpetual river ;  
And men depart, and man remaining ever.

The upturn'd eyes of many a mortal maid  
    Glass me in gathering tears, soon kiss'd away ;  
Then walks she for a space, and then is laid  
    Swelling the bosom of the quiet clay.  
I muse what this all-kindling Love may be,  
And what this Death that never comes to me.





## THE REVIVISCENT.

(AFTER LEOPARDI.)



DEEM'D that every gentle thought  
 That lent my life a bloom,  
 Was dust come utterly to nought,  
 And crumbled in the tomb.

In icy bonds my spirit slept  
 A drear unnatural sleep—  
 O who so worthy to be wept  
 As he that cannot weep !

A wasted garden seem'd to me  
 My being in that hour,  
 A gnawing worm in every tree,  
 A blight on every flower.

The lamps of Heaven, in pallor clad,  
 Roll'd joylessly along,

No splendour Evening's planet had,  
And Evening's bird no song.

I saw proud Beauty's eyes of light  
Defrauded of their glow,  
And if her hand was yet more white,  
'Twas yet more cold than snow.

I would have striven to expire,  
And feel my fate no more,  
But had no spirit to desire,  
And scarcely to deplore.

What brings my olden self again ?  
Whence is it that I find  
Once more a music in the main ?  
A warble in the wind ?

From what unknown forgotten part  
Do faded thoughts arise ?  
What throbs tumultuous in the heart ?  
What quivers in the eyes ?

What lights the star ? what wings the cloud ?  
What makes the world appear

Enchanting in the dewy shroud  
And dimness of a tear ?

I am not fool'd. I know the blot  
That sullies Earth's fair breast ;  
I know that Nature pities not,  
And Passion is not blest.

I know the evil days. I know  
That all is cold and hard,  
That Wisdom has no homage now,  
And Virtue no reward.

I hope no light, no love, no praise,  
I feel the common scorn,  
What is it then that comes and says,  
" Thou art not all forlorn ?"



## THE SHIP'S DREAM.



HE gentle caress of the moon's silver  
wand

Wakes not the old vessel that, slumbering  
fast,

Lies 'mid the black reefs that engirdle the strand,  
And pierces the air with a skeleton mast.

The skeleton mast whence the seamen no more  
The sail wind-defying shall proudly outspread ;  
The deck is untrodden, and shatter'd each oar,—  
'Tis the phantom of vessels, a ship of the dead.

But as when the heavens with thunders are loud,  
And brilliant with lightning, and batter'd with spray,  
A terror-struck sea-bird may light on the shroud,  
And follow the bark on her perilous way.

A fugitive dream to the vessel thus glides ;  
It, charm'd by the kiss of the moonbeam so still,

The lyre of the winds and the lute of the tides,  
Stirs through its worn beams with a tremulous thrill;


And, spectrally dreaming, once more it beholds  
The seas of its commerce in cruises of yore,  
The ocean her phalanx of billows unfolds,  
And there is the island with shadowless shore.

The ever-young mermaids, with mirror and comb,  
Throng round the light pinnacle that rocks in the  
bay,  
Their arch glances shoot through the feathery foam,  
The ring of their laughter resounds far away.

And now the great city lies bright in the sun,  
And now the crowds gather and gaze from its quays;  
Hurrah! for the toils of our voyage are done,  
And now for our greeting, our gain, and our ease!

Dream on, stranded bark, by the moonbeam caress'd  
With a waning resplendence, dream on of the sea,  
Of the port where thy keel never more shall find rest,  
Of the wave whose embrace is no longer for thee!

## UNDER THE MOON.

 HE moonbeams clothe the lake,  
 The waters ripple and fret,  
 Light winds essay to wake  
 The tranced violet.


The nightingale thrills the bough,  
 The lily's heart of snows  
 Is touch'd and trembling now,  
 New blushes fire the rose.

Across the silver lute •  
 The lover's fingers glide,  
 And now the bird is mute,  
 The lady's lattice wide.

The gentle ghosts come round,  
 Sheeted and wan and cold,  
 And weep for the dreary sound  
 Of songs so sweet of old.

## BARBUD THE MINSTREL.

### A STORY FROM FERDUSI.

T Khosro's court abode a minstrel, named  
Serkesch, a poet eloquent and famed—  
Versed much in music—sweetly could  
he sing,

And gracefully he ever praised the king ;  
The nobles honour'd him, and none before  
Such estimation with the monarch bore.

Now there was one call'd Barbud, a young man  
Whose minstrelsy e'en Serkesch's outran.  
To him a friend : " Great Khosro at his due  
Rates the musician and his music too ;  
Heard he thy strain, then Serkesch's would be  
Deposed at once from its bright primacy."  
When Barbud heard the saying, thereupon  
Content forsook, ambition spurr'd him on ;  
To Khosro's court he hasten'd, there to be  
Enroll'd among his bards' society.

But Serkesch wise, who critically knew  
The young aspirant, and all he could do,  
And fear'd his post no longer to retain,  
Went craftily to the high chamberlain,  
And said, clear-chinking tomans secretly :  
“ A minstrel more melodious than I  
Stands waiting in the antichamber. Him,  
Fearing his art should make mine honour dim,  
I pray thee, from the monarch's ear detain.”

As Serkesch ask'd, so did the chamberlain,  
And, 'stead of ushering Barbud to his place,  
Kept the great door shut firmly in his face.  
He, finding the bright dream by him indulged  
A dream indeed, thus plotted : “ Undivulged,  
I seek the garden, there I find the king,  
And honour 'mid the roses' blossoming ;  
For there, I hear, when first blithe summer breaks,  
The monarch holds high revel two whole weeks ;  
Then shall he hear me ; thus will I make vain  
The guile of that intriguing chamberlain.”  
The gardener then he sought, his bearing sweet  
Won the kind man, and thus did he entreat,  
Smiling suspicion down : “ I do but pray  
A little boon, that thou shouldst, on the day



When first the monarch cometh here, conceal  
Me in this leafiness. Must I reveal  
The purpose ? truly 'tis but this, to see  
The royal presence, while he sees not me.”  
“ Gladly,” the gardener said, “ in this retreat  
Will I seclude thee, only be discreet.”  
They parted thus, and, when the time was spent,  
Barbud arose, and took his instrument,  
And clad himself complete from head to foot  
In a green dress. A tree that just has put  
Its greenness forth, he seem'd ; so in fit time  
Went to that garden glad in summer prime.  
There stood a cypress, tree that scarce allows  
The piercing sun a passage through its boughs,  
And this of all was leafiest and most high.  
Up clamber'd Barbud, screen'd from every eye ;  
And scarcely had he taken place, when lo !  
Came royal Khosro from his halls also.  
Sweet-scented broom the gardeners did bring,  
And strew'd it as the nobles led the king  
To his high throne, fair in the garden's centre,  
And then a page did reverently enter,  
Bearing red wine, that blithe in crystal laugh'd ;  
The monarch took it, and rejoicing quaff'd ;

And glowing rounds, till Even-star was lit,  
The flagon made, and nobles emptied it.  
Then, lo ! from out the tall dark cypress-tree  
Sounded a strain of magic melody ;  
Arbour and avenue it rapt, and all  
The twilight thrill'd with murmurs musical ;  
Astonish'd hearken'd all, and whispers ran :  
“ Who, who can be this wonder-working man ? ”  
But Serkesch heard in terror, for his wit  
Divined the music, and who waken'd it ;  
Guessing with truth that Barbud's lute alone  
Of all on earth could thrill with such sweet tone.  
The king exclaim'd in rapture : “ Well I know  
No common spirit fires with such a glow  
The listening heart within me. Search and try  
Where this rare soul is hidden privily.”  
The seekers roam the garden round and bring  
No minstrel back. Then Serkesch to the king :  
“ The deeds that task the straining trump of Fame  
The roses and the cypresses proclaim.”  
Again the page the blushing beaker bore,  
And Khosro rear'd it to his lips once more,  
When, hark ! from out the cypress gloom there  
sounded

Another note, that every ear astounded,  
So wild, so clear, so thrilling! Every leaf  
Trembled with giddy rapture and sweet grief;  
And Khosro, throbbing through each quicken'd vein,  
Emptied the goblet, crying: " Seek again!  
Rest never till ye find and bring to me  
The fount of this delicious melody."  
The observant menials straight his bidding wrought,  
Lanterns and tapers speedily they brought,  
And search'd the alleys and the groves around,  
Peer'd in each bush, and nothing more they found  
Than pheasants fluttering in their rosy shrine.  
Where was the singer? they could not divine.  
Again the king upraised the cup, again  
Breathed forth the unimaginable strain  
From the conceal'd youth, a green in green.  
Each lord sat petrified, as he had been  
A rock; but from the seat whereon he was  
Sprang Khosro in an ecstasy, his glass  
He flung from him; in many a shining piece  
Lay the rich cup, wine spiced with ambergris  
Rubied the ground. " Not Djins, not Peris sing  
A note like his," enchanted cried the king;  
" Search all the garden through! leave not one bed

Or even a single rose unvisited.  
Pearls shall bedeck him, gold on him be pour'd,  
And stately his precedence at my board."  
When Barbud heard the royal proffer, he  
Dropp'd from his cypress-covert instantly,  
And, fitting music to his strings anew,  
Came luting down the lordly avenue.  
The spell melodious, with enchantment sweet,  
Held captive all, he fell at Khosro's feet ;  
And Khosro : " Wondrous bard, unspeakable  
The joy thou givest, who thou art now tell."  
Barbud : " I am the servant of my king,  
And his delight my sole endeavouring.  
Long since had I essay'd this feeble skill,  
But ever-envious Serkesch barr'd me still."  
As at spring's smile the blossom-donning grove,  
Bloom'd Khosro with delight and noble love,  
Yet, tremulous with wrath, to Serkesch turn'd :  
" Why keptest him aloof? Thy spite has earn'd  
Like anger as our love for him is meant ;  
Hence ! while we think upon thy punishment."

Then banquetted he long, while voice and string  
Labour'd together for his ravishing,

And hung on the enchanted melodies  
Till slumber's seal was set upon his eyes.

Thus Barbud rose to honour, and became  
Of Persia's minstrels first in place and fame.



## SIR ISUMBRAS.

## A FRAGMENT.



LOW-MUSING, down the birchen-  
border'd pass

Rode the good cheerful knight, Sir  
Isumbras.

Grey seem'd he, batter'd, weather-stain'd and old,  
As some dim rock amid a heathery wold;  
And stooping with a head unhelm'd and low,  
And one hand leaning on his saddle-bow;  
Yet with a mien most martial, and an eye  
Persuasive in its sweet limpidity.

Huge was his steed and black, and golden glow'd  
His armour ever sounding as he rode.

The wind blew fresh and keen, the foxglove shook,  
The bee clung hard, the iris lash'd the brook;  
Brief were the whinchat's flights, her twitterings lost,  
And all the knight's grey hair was rough'd and tost.

At first the path was moorish, wild, and strew'd

With blocks of glittering spar, and boulders rude ;  
You saw the buzzard poised without a stir,  
You heard the dry unwearying grasshopper,  
And on each bulging bank you might discern  
Sprinkles of blood-red heath and pallid fern.  
Then lank and hardy oats, then strong-set rows  
Of wheat slow-ripening in its hawthorn close.  
Next woodlands, throng'd with many a soaring stem  
Of saw-leaved oak, pale ash, and bossy elm ;  
Then the spread sunniness of ample meads,  
And streams for ever singing to their reeds,  
With many a silvery gush and chiming fall,  
Till the great river came and took them all.

Here, the mysterious child of hoary years,  
A bridge lean'd heavy on its ivied piers.  
Rude seem'd it and forlorn, and morsels grey  
Kept dropping in the silent stream away.  
One arch was sapp'd, the wreck lay cavern'd deep  
Asleep in waves that seem'd themselves asleep.  
Sir Isumbras wheel'd round, and slow explored  
The willow bank, if he might find a ford.

## AUTUMN LEAVES.



SAW their young unsullied green  
 By winds invisible caress'd,  
 That stirr'd up all the emerald sheen  
 As lover's tongue stirs lover's breast.

I saw the stain'd October burn  
 With branding reds and yellows gay ;—  
 Rain dash'd them on the shrivell'd fern,  
 Or sad winds whisper'd them away.

How children, void of care or ruth,  
 Piled them for fire, I next beheld :  
 " 'Tis ever so," I said, " that youth  
 Treads out the smouldering ash of eld."

Stray'd from some old forgotten year  
 Yet seem'd those russet girls to be ;  
 Thine, Autumn, their array austere,  
 And thine their sweet solemnity.



A still defence, a slow attack  
Possess'd the eve half flush'd, half wan ;—  
'Twas Autumn falling, falling back,  
And Winter stealing, stealing on.

The purples of the lower hill,  
The summit's soft departing light,  
The nestling hamlet shut and still,  
And sinking slowly into night,

The isled clouds, the lonely trees,  
The relic gold that hemm'd the blue  
In utmost west—I saw all these—  
But O to see and paint them too !



## THE ISLAND OF SHADOWS.



ES, Cara mine, I know that I shall stand  
 Upon the seashore soon,  
 And watch the waves that die upon the  
 strand,  
 And the immortal moon.

One mew will hover 'mid the drowsy damp  
 That clogs the breezes there,  
 One star suspend her solitary lamp,  
 High in the viewless air.

My straining eyes will mark a distant oar,  
 Grazing the supple sea,  
 And a light pinnace speeding to the shore,  
 And in it thou wilt be.

The empty veins with life no more are warm,  
 The eyes no longer shine,  
 The pale star gazes through the pallid form,  
 What matter? thou art mine.

The Love which, while it walk'd the earth, could  
meet

No place to lay its head,  
Now reigns unchallenged in the winding-sheet,  
Nor fears its kindred dead.

For Love dwells with the dead, though more sedate,  
Chasten'd, and mild it seems ;  
While Avarice, Envy, Jealousy, and Hate,  
With them are only dreams.

I step into the boat, our steady prore  
Furrows the still moonlight ;  
The sea is merry with our plashing oar,  
With our quick rudder white.

No word has pass'd thy lips, but yet I know  
Well where our course will be ;  
We leave the worn-out world—is it not so?—  
The uncorrupted sea

To cross, and gain some isle in whose sweet shade  
Even Slavery is free ;  
And careless Care on smoothest rose-leaves laid  
Becomes Tranquillity.

Far, far the haunts where, robed in gory weeds,  
Grim War his court doth hold,  
And mumbling Superstition counts his beads,  
And Avarice his gold.

But Love and Death, the comrades and the twins,  
Uninterrupted reign ;  
Where is it that one ends and one begins ?  
And are they one or twain ?

And all is like thy soul, pensive and fair,  
Veil'd in a shadowy dress,  
And strewn with gems more rich were they more  
rare,  
And steep'd in balminess.

No drossy shape of earthliness appears  
On the phantastic coast,  
No grosser sound strikes the attuned ears,  
Than footfall of a ghost.

Seclusion, quiet, silence, slumber, dreams,  
No murmur of a breath ;  
The same still image on the same still streams,  
Of Love caressing Death.

So let us hasten, Love ! our steady prore  
    Furrows the still moonlight ;  
The sea is merry with our plashing oar,  
    With our quick rudder white.



## MORE.



O-DAY I am a beggar poor,  
 And pitiful to see,  
 And take my staff across the moor,  
 And come, dear heart, to thee,

And knock at thy beloved door,—  
 What wilt thou give to me?  
 Take of the shining silver—more  
 I cannot give to thee.

Of paltry silver, pale and poor,  
 Give not, my Love, to me.  
 See, here is gold, a little store,  
 Yet will I give to thee.

'Twas not the ruddy gold could bring  
 Me praying to thy door.  
 Take then this little true-love ring,  
 And ask me for no more.

Fair is the dainty golden band,  
And yet must I implore.  
Then with the ring behold the hand ;  
How can I give thee more ?



## BEFORE THE STORM.



MAJESTY of night !

The constant moon and stars

Pursued their westward path

In cold tranquillity, nor ever turn'd

One sidelong glance, to scan

Their spotless beauty tremulously glass'd

In the eternal mirror of the main.

Faint unsubstantial clouds,

Rapid as Panic, white as ghosts, sped on ;

Like guilty thoughts of night, unmeet to brave

The awful splendour of the moon's pure eye.

The restless Sea rock'd on

Like a child's cradle, like a nurse the while

She croon'd her endless, soft, irregular lay.

Now to the rugged cliff

The delicate foam with humid kisses clung,

And now retreated coy ;

As saying, " Kiss me not



Before the virgin moon and quiet stars.

What do they know of Love ?

The silent, the immutable, who pace

The self-same path for ever, as they shed

The self-same splendours from the self-same skies !

What do they know of Love ?

How shall they comprehend

The tempest of my heart,

The magic of my smile,

My stormy passions and my sudden calms ?

Wait, patient Rock, but wait

For nights without a moon,

For skies without a star,

For hurricanes unchain'd !

Wait for the sea-bird shrieking in the gust,

The sailor battling with the deep, and then,

I shake my briny locks,

I soar up from my bed,

And, thrilling with my multitude of waves,

I fall upon thy neck !”

## AFTER THE STORM.



HE fitful wind, at length assuaged,  
 Seems wailing o'er its passion past;  
 Ocean, the rude and fierce, has raged  
 Itself to drear repose at last.

We see the goblin moonbeam chase  
 The rolling clouds from off her way—  
 They gaze an instant on her face,  
 And white as spectres flee away.

Like strips of glittering canvas, strewn  
 Upon the breezes here and there,  
 Bathed in the chill unheavenly moon,  
 The seamews flicker through the air;

Or, with loud flaps and shrilly screams,  
 Surround the mangled vessel, borne  
 A helpless mass of spars and beams  
 By the rude waves, that in the morn

She rode so proudly ; on whose deck  
The seaman shivers to descry,  
Now a rough mass of shapeless wreck,  
And now a corpse go weltering by.

The sullen surge's splash and moan,  
The tempest fading from the sea,  
Seem blended to a common tone  
To chant the sailor's elegy :—

“ Thy billowy way, pale corse, pursue,  
Nor fear to voyage till thou gain  
The quiet deeps that never knew  
The tumults of the upper main.

“ Coffin'd in coral there to rest,  
'Mid the strange flowers that on our skies  
Ne'er gaze, where rocks in pearls are drest,  
And Ocean's anthem swells and dies,

“ And quires, ‘ O blest to whom has been  
Vouchsafed to know, as knows the Sea,  
What storm and wrathful passion mean,  
And what repose and peace may be ! ’ ”

## THE BOX OF DIAMONDS.



HE West had paled, against the dark  
 opaque  
 Sharpen'd the moon her lustrous scimeter,  
 And Vesper, lovely courier of the night,  
 Stood gleaming on the sky 'mid frailer fires,  
 And bicker'd in the many-rippled sea ;  
 And still we, tarrying by the waters, watch'd  
 Their shallow fawning, treacherous and cold,  
 On perilous sands whence warning rockets cleft  
 Grey night with purple bolts, revealing half  
 The half-built lighthouse looming on the main.

“ Even so,” the Fisher said, “ She cried aloud :  
 ‘ O Father save me !’ while the ravenous fires  
 Ran roaring round her, and the high-piled waves  
 Crash'd in white ruin on the shiver'd deck.  
 How should he save her, who had bound his arms  
 With chains of Indian gold, whose quaking hands  
 The blood and flame of Ethiopic gems

Loaded with splendour and a daughter's death?  
Yet, father, hadst thou known she held the box,  
The box of diamonds, bought with half thy crimes,  
Spring-shut in mirroring steel! No, thus he saw  
His daughter's soul go white into the fire,  
And hoarded every tear. Sudden the thought  
Branded him to the marrow. Up he sprang  
With lips a-foam, and stamps of gasping rage,  
Threatening new ruin, till a seaman's blow  
Crimson'd his yellow forehead, and he fell,  
Letting his jewels slide into the maw  
Of the insatiate sea, and there they lie—  
He there."

And then he signall'd with his staff  
A crumbling mound, half suck'd and worn away  
By Ocean's bitter lips.

"And what," I cried,  
"Yon whiteness shining on the shining cliff,  
Snow upon snow?"

"Great Heaven," he loud exclaim'd,  
"The ghost again! Nay, Sir, we need not fly,  
She never harm'd,—and yet my blood is chill."

And truly, on she came. A hueless wraith,

Transparent to the moon, yet sultry fire  
Devoured the dusky caverns of her orbs,  
And water started from her weedy hair.  
In her left hand she held the fatal box,  
Her right roam'd for the spring—in vain! “O Sire,”  
With pleading voice she passionately cried,  
“I know that, mouldering, thou yet cursest me  
For keeping back thy wealth; but is it kept?  
Behold it rescued from the greedy main.  
Arise and take, why tarriest thou?” She flung  
Herself upon the pebbly pile, and tore  
With spectral fingers impotent, and cried,  
“Come forth, thou dumb and hoary torturer!”  
When, lo! a church-clock boom'd, and all we saw  
Was the mean grave, the curve of barren beach,  
The drifted wreck, the fireballs' lurid path,  
In heaven the moon, and in the main her ghost  
Rising and falling with the restless wave.



## THE FAIR CIRCASSIAN.

**F**ORTY Viziers saw I go  
 Up to the Seraglio,  
 Burning, each and every man,  
 For the fair Circassian.

Ere the morn had disappear'd,  
 Every Vizier wore a beard ;  
 Ere the afternoon was born,  
 Every Vizier came back shorn.

“ Let the man that woos to win  
 Woo with an unhairy chin ;”  
 Thus she said, and as she bid  
 Each devoted Vizier did.

From the beards a cord she made,  
 Loop'd it to the balustrade,  
 Glided down, and went away  
 To her own Circassia.

When the Sultan heard, wax'd he  
Somewhat wroth, and presently  
In the noose themselves did lend  
Every Vizier did suspend.

Sages all, this rhyme who read,  
Of your beards take prudent heed,  
And beware the wily plans  
Of the fair Circassians.





## THE VISIT TO THE SAGE.



ATTAIN'D at last ! A weary climb  
 Up dizzying coils of crazy stairs !  
 Come in, and we will sit a time.

Here, nested higher than the crow  
 That loves the belfry, may we scan  
 The giant city's sleep below.

The spires, the walls, the tombs, the moats,  
 The house-roofs glinting to the moon,  
 The shadowy stream and drowsy boats.

And he will show some marvel new,  
 Some phial dancing with a sprite,  
 Or torch that flares a ghastly blue.

Some starry prophecy unroll'd,  
 Or alkahest whose pale content  
 Is slowly warming into gold.

Or else unrobe the wondrous glass  
O'er which, its lurid veil withdrawn,  
The glimmering phantoms greyly pass.

They rivet with an iron eye,  
They beckon with an airy hand,  
At last they vanish silently.

But heavens ! how wild the chamber looks,  
O'erspread with talisman and scroll,  
And rents of red alchemic books !

A smoke-wreath, desolate and grey,  
Hangs lingering like a soul forlorn  
That must and dare not pass away.

And shatter'd flasks o'erstrew the room,  
And spirits fly their brittle cells,  
Escaping with a pungent fume.

Is this a vest ? a lock of hair ?  
What are these glaring streaks that change  
The ebon of the carven chair ?

One of the casements rent and split  
With all its bars? Then we may say  
With tongue assured, it was through it

The demon hurried him away.



## THE SEED AND THE FLOWER.



ROUND its neck the Fairy cast  
 Her arms, but it was bleeding fast;  
 The meek white coat was glaring red,—  
 The poor, poor Fawn ! how hard it bled !

And wheresoe'er a blood-drop fell  
 A glory kindled on the dell ;  
 Some stained rose, all crimson-wet,  
 Or deep unnatural violet.

The roses and the violets grew  
 And shut the dying Fawn from view ;  
 The violets and the roses spread,  
 And arch'd above the Fairy's head.

And they who came and wander'd there  
 Admired how flowers should be so fair,  
 And praised the rich perfumed breath,  
 And saw no fawn, or blood, or death.

## ÆGISTHUS.

**W**HAT ails the weak unhappy breeze  
 That ceaselessly it wanders on,  
 And sorrows like the soul that sees

An evil waiting to be done?  
 The shed leaf whirls, the tree is bow'd,  
 Faint lines the lake's sereneness mar,  
 And slowly falls a veil of cloud  
 On Heaven's solitary star.

The moon is buried far away,  
 No meteor flies with fiery trace  
 Past Night's slow car, nor any ray  
 Will fire thy pale resolved face.  
 Unveil! ere Morn's accusing flush  
 Smites splendour from the eastern sea—  
 Then, if the innocent heavens can blush,  
 O what a visage thine should be!

There are no ghosts—or all the dead  
 I ever loved were surely here

To snatch the slumberer from his bed,  
To wrest the dagger from my fear.  
His sleep is sound—would it were light !  
O had his age a giant's stress !  
Thou art my soul's insane delight,  
O would thou wert my murderess !



## SONNET.

**P**OET, whose unscarr'd feet have trodden  
 Hell,  
 By what grim path and dread environ-  
 ing

Of fire couldst thou that dauntless footstep bring  
 And plant it firm amid the dolorous cell  
 Of darkness where perpetually dwell

The spirits cursed beyond imagining?

Or else is thine a visionary wing,  
 And all thy terror but a tale to tell?  
 Neither and both, thou seeker! I have been

No wilder path than thou thyself dost go,  
 Close mask'd in an impenetrable screen,

Which having rent I gaze around, and know  
 What tragic wastes of gloom, before unseen,  
 Curtain the soul that strives and sins below.

## A NOCTURN.

**K**EEN winds of cloud and vaporous drift  
Disrobe yon star, as ghosts that lift  
A snowy curtain from its place,  
To scan a pillow'd beauty's face.

They see her slumbering splendours lie  
Bedded on blue unfathom'd sky,  
And swoon for love and deep delight,  
And stillness falls on all the night.





## TO THE CRIMEA.



LAND with Britain's sufferings fed,  
 With Britain's hero heartsblood red,  
 The fame we flush and thrill to see  
 Was surely never meant for thee !

The Sire of Song, in elder time,  
 Beheld thee an inclement clime,  
 Whose dull streams slid without a stress  
 To languid oceans billowless,  
 Where the foul lips of clammy mist  
 The haughtiest peaks for ever kiss'd,  
 Where the long wastes of level plains  
 Were sodden with eternal rains,  
 And whiten'd with the fluttering hosts  
 Of pale and agitated ghosts.

How changed the vision ! Vanished  
 The darkness, every shadow fled  
 From deathless Fame and fiery War,

The planet and the meteor !  
The beams that light the golden land,  
Have flamed upon a British band ;  
The surges that thy headlands beat  
Have foam'd against a British fleet ;  
The ancient fame we did renew  
Has rapt thee into glory too.  
To every leaf thy trees sustain,  
To every flower that fires thy plain,  
To all the sods of all thy hills,  
To all the drops of all thy rills,  
By War's red chrism doth befall  
A grandeur supernatural.  
And now they rest, and wait the time  
When many a foot from many a clime  
Shall reverent pace the solemn scene  
Where Battle's gory feet have been,  
And tears of tender grief be roll'd  
Where tears of blood were spent of old.

All this we give—what shall we then,  
Crimea, ask from thee again ?  
The quiet that no spell can break,  
The peace no tumult can unmake,

The tears the skies rejoicing weep  
On Valour's pale forsaken sleep ;  
The fair and fragrant flowers that grow  
From death, as heavenly thoughts from woe—  
Be these thy angels of the grave  
To orphan'd Albion's hapless brave.  
To thee as to an urn we trust  
With faltering hand our dearest dust.  
O care thou that the shade may hear  
No echo of the idle tear  
Wherewith we poorly pay our debt :  
But, sweetly slumbering, so forget  
The lure that led him out of life,  
The passion of the parting strife,  
The desert home, the foreign urn,  
And those who slew, and those who mourn !



## THE PHILTRE.

**W**ITCH-POWDER, glowing crimson in  
 this crystal-shining flask,  
 How wilt thou work my bidding, how  
 give me what I ask ?

When thou blushest in the ruby of the royal wine  
 he drains,

When thou speed'st a redder surging through the  
 lab'rinth of his veins,

By what thrill of fiery impulse shall his passion be  
 approved ?

What sign shall tell he loves me, even like as I have  
 loved ?

Will he rise up proud and burning with a burst of  
 sudden light,

Like the aloe robed and gorgeous with the magic  
 of a night ?

Will he droop in pale declining, with tearfulness  
opprest,  
Like the lily when the rain-pearl has stolen to her  
breast ?

Will he come to me securely, and kiss without a  
word ?  
Or the eye alone acknowledge how the silent heart  
is stirr'd ?

Will his bosom heave and stifle with a voice un-  
understood ?  
Will he catch my hand and press it, till the snow is  
fire and blood ?

Blood is burn'd up, snow is melted, fire is billowing  
night and day—  
Pour thyself on me, Beloved, quench me ere I burn  
away !

## THE VIOLET TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

**N**O longer fair, no longer sweet,  
 I parch and pine with noonday heat ;  
 Another day, perhaps an hour,  
 And I shall be no more a flower.

Thou, happy bird, when flowers decay,  
 But spread'st thy pinions, and away,  
 And India's palmy groves, ere long,  
 Are loud with thy immortal song.

When with her soundless silver chain  
 The moon has fetter'd mount and plain,  
 And not a cloud her splendour mars,  
 For she has kiss'd them all to stars :

When lissom fawn and antelope  
 In covert dell, on cedar'd slope  
 Couch, or with bounding feet disturb  
 The dew asleep on every herb :

When thousand lines of light invest  
The lotus trembling on the breast  
Of the great stream that seeks the sea,  
Then wilt thou sing. O sing of me !

So shall the gorgeous flowers that swoon  
All languid 'neath that lavish moon  
Know, in thy sweet enchanted strain,  
Their sister of the English lane.

How, lured by Spring's soft-falling feet,  
She stole forth from her deep retreat,  
Her nurse wild March of boisterous breath,  
April her spouse, and May her death.

All day she made her upward eye  
The mirror of the azure sky,  
All night she slept in glittering dew,  
And dream'd her morning longings true.

Come back in Spring, then wilt thou see  
Some other flower in room of me ;  
And as to me, to her wilt sing  
Of thy long Eastern wandering.

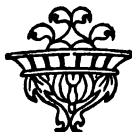
## SUMMER MOONLIGHT.



N Arctic queen, colossal and august,  
 Throned on her loftiest peak, and,  
 crowding round,  
 A million ermines—'twere an image just  
 To emblem Night magnificently crown'd  
 With a full moon, half pillaged of her light  
 By clouds, whose dappled undulations, wound  
 With subtle beams, in shuddering glimmers dight,  
 Quench'd with a phantom wreath of airy snow  
 Each starry fire. But as I watch'd the night  
 Their hosts were parted suddenly, and lo !  
 The round moon roll'd on visionary blue  
 Bare as the sea, and words are not, to show  
 The glory the unveiling goddess threw  
 On every jewel of the long cascade,  
 Whose lustrous foam, when winds were busy, flew  
 To melt into the rosy fires that made  
 The brown demureness of the rocks superb ;  
 Like splendour islanded the massy shade



By oak and chestnut piled upon the herb  
Of the great park that spread and spread away  
Till the ambitious mountains, that disturb  
With soaring snows the nebulous array,  
Barr'd it. All was so clear that doe and fawn,  
As slumber-stretch'd in ferny brakes they lay,  
Or set a glimmering footprint on the lawn,  
I mark'd, and how the night-jar took his prey  
With foot advanced, and beak asunder drawn.



## A MELODY.




HE snow falls fast upon the wave,  
And is no more.  
The silver swan glides o'er its grave  
Unheeding, and the wild fowl lave  
Their plumes along the shore.

The buoyant lily does not see  
The dead abound  
About its roots, but silently  
Grows up in beauty, and the bee  
Booms all around.



## ELFIN FOLK.\*

ISTER, they say that in this dell  
 The gamesome elfin-people dwell,  
 And seize the maids that gathering stray,  
 And pluck their strawberries away.

“ And furthermore ’tis credited  
 They kiss their lips to ruby red.  
 Why are thy lips so red ? tell me,  
 And where thy strawberries may be ? ”

“ Sister, our mother oft has told  
 That elvish folk, alert and bold,  
 Lurk in this darkling dell for hours  
 To pounce on maids that come for flowers,

“ And spoil them merrily of these,  
 And of their chains and necklaces—

\* The subject of this piece is taken from Alexandri, the Moldavian poet.

Where are thy flowers ? I fain would know,  
And where thy string of pearls also ?”

The maidens laugh, and look so sly !  
Down in the glen two youths I spy,—  
One strawberries holds, and one, more vain,  
Loops to his belt a pearly chain.



## SONNET.



CANST thou be mine, sweet rose, and yet  
 thy hue  
 And fragrance keep recluse and hidden  
 quite ?

High moon, it is a thing thou canst not do  
 To beam on me, and yet deny me light.  
 Fair stream, thou living coolness blithe and clear,  
 Thou must be dry, or I shall drink of thee.  
 Star-wooing nightingale, must I not hear ?  
 Be dumb, there is no other remedy.  
 Giving thyself, thou givest all thou art,  
 And all thou canst, or givest not a whit ;  
 No lip kiss'd ever true, kiss'd not the heart  
 And soul and body all along with it.  
 Then why, vain breast, this sick endeavouring  
 To do for her some high and matchless thing ?

## THE SIREN.

**W**ITH Hope and Enterprise, else all alone,  
 All silent in our swan-beak'd skiff sat  
 we,

Seven sailors dropping down a stream unknown,  
 On a strange voyage towards an unknown sea.

The moon reveal'd her sitting on a stone,  
 Veil'd in white spray, entrancingly sang she :  
 " O strive no longer towards the sea unknown,  
 My grot your goal, my kiss your guerdon be."

She melted into air—long days have flown,  
 Yet moveless in our moveless bark sit we,  
 And gaze for her return, and muse and moan,  
 And think no more upon the unknown sea.

## THE EVE OF THE GUILLOTINE.

**P**AULINE, my heart's heart! come and  
 lay  
 Wet cheek to glowing cheek, and say

Some kindly thing—the last you can!  
 To-morrow, so the sentence ran,—  
 Thursday at six! and now the ledge  
 Of this thick sill has lost the edge  
 Of the spent moon that made it bright,  
 Methinks that even now new light  
 Is kindling somewhere far behind  
 These ancient barriers grey and blind.

What? not a word?

Pauline, nay, if  
 We welter'd in a lonely skiff  
 On tropic waters red and gold  
 With sunset-fire, and sharks, made bold,  
 Swam round, wide gaping for their prey,  
 Should we have nothing then to say?

Might I not kiss you, dearest, lie  
Beside you, cloak you tenderly,  
Murmur out love, till on white wing  
Gather'd the seabirds clamouring  
Around two corpses?

Dreams like this,  
Pauline, have made me ghastly bliss—  
O so long! Well, I used to say,  
What marvel? she is rich and gay,  
The world goes grandly with her, all  
Is gaudy and processional.  
What serve I? O for half an hour  
Beside her in a blazing tower!  
A pestilence to wither both  
Slowly, that I might mark the growth  
Of Love in life's decay! to be  
Alone with her in middle sea  
In a subsiding boat! the stir  
And reek of madden'd massacre!  
Pray heaven it take us in our youth?

Pauline, the dream is born a truth,  
But for the bliss, alas! Look now,  
Round you, and candidly avow,



Save for the breast you still reject,  
What have you ? Nothing ! We are wreck'd  
On tiger-isles without a boat,  
And glare and quarrel ! Did we float  
Wan corpses down the sullen Seine,  
Methinks your icy hand would fain  
Push mine away !

What, tears, Pauline ?

O dearest, now I see you mean  
To love me truly. In saloons  
You pass'd me as the lonely moon's  
Ascending light forsakes the star.  
But the blest axe has cleft the bar,  
Praise God ! Our blood will, falling, soak  
The self-same scaffold, rising smoke  
To Heaven in union. Kiss me, dear ;  
O tell me you have yet a fear,  
That I may soothe it ! Shall I die  
First, to instruct you ? Let us try.  
Suppose these chairs the plank, now lie  
Down, and my burning lip shall be  
The axe. Make ready ! One—two—three—  
Down comes it—in a kiss ! Delight !

O clasp me ! closer and more tight !  
They will not part our clay ? 'Tis mad  
To think of it ; but if I had  
A brother hiding, doubtless I  
Should yield his refuge up, to buy  
The rapture of commingled dust.  
Well, well, Pauline, we can but trust.  
What on ourselves depends, we'll do.  
They take us on by two and two  
Up to the scaffold—grasp my hand,  
As if it were a dagger, plann'd  
For Marat's throat—let no one slip  
Into our fiery fellowship—  
Watch my head fall, spring rapidly,  
And shower thy ruddy life on me !



## A CITY SONG.



NIGHT of bustle and gas. I stand  
A lonely soul in the busy Strand—  
Stirring above, stirring below—  
Who all these people? Where do they go?

I know not; but, friends, were mine your part,  
If, roaming about, you sought a heart,  
A gentle heart in a gentle breast,  
To cherish, and love you, and give you rest,

You would thrill and tremble with joy and pain,  
You would stop, and wander, and stop again,  
And muse if the yearning exceed not the kiss,  
And if search be not sweeter than finding is.

## THE DIVER'S STORY.



WILL these grey mountains seem'd a way-  
side heap,

And all their pluming pines a petty moss,

I silently row'd onward, and did keep

A steady path the mighty main across ;

But then I loosed my bark, and left her free

To dance her own glad measure with the sea,

And, plunging as a plummet plunges, stood

'Mid the sere purples of the barren wood

Whose sapless boughs, in sullen beauty drest,

Were never brighten'd by a spark of dew,

Or heard a song, or cherish'd any nest,

Or shook with any wind that ever blew.

Then as I wander'd on that oozeless sand,

Catching the sharp salt bubbles of the air,

I heard a silver song, and saw the rare

And tender form of soft Cymodoce

Pressing a rock, more innocently fair

Than feather shed by swan upon the sea,  
Or moonlight sleeping fearless on the foam  
Of hurrying falls. One marble-mocking hand  
Upheld the golden thicket of the hair  
Where one seem'd lost, as with an amber comb  
It parted shell-born pearls from pearls of brine;  
And, seablooms reddening all its deeps divine,  
Low at her helpless feet her mirror lay;  
I seized the magic toy, and made it mine,  
And like a shaft dismiss'd I sped away.


Here you may see the prize, is it not gay?  
Glowing with burnish of unspotted gold,  
Border'd with quaintest shells, and, day by day,  
Changeful in splendour as the waters bold  
Sway the rock-mantling weeds, or, backward roll'd,  
Leave a salt glister on the glaring bay.

But when low, broad, and heavy in the west  
Hangs the departing moon, and Autumn cold  
Moans to her moaning waters, and the crest  
Of every mounting wave is rimm'd with gold,  
There sounds a somewhat from the chiding seas,  
As if they heaved around an ancient wrong,

And sad laments of spirits ill at ease  
Murmur and mourn our boat-lined beach along;  
And some day I will take the mirror down,  
And, rowing far from the steep-streeted town,  
Will hold it forth, until a whiter hand  
Rises to grasp it; and Cymodoce,  
Pleased with the late repentance of the land,  
Hushes the doleful music of the sea.



## WAKING.


 MORE soft and low than waves that flow  
 o'er a sleeping mermaid's head,  
 As she lies in light with her foam-robe  
 white and her crown of the coral red,  
 Breathe now, my Lute, or else be mute, for to-night  
 thy voice must be  
 A breath scarce known from the languid tone of the  
 sighing cedar-tree.

For I would not, love, that thou shouldst move  
 disturb'd, or with sudden leap  
 Sharp tremors wake in the moonlight lake where  
 thou bathest in silver sleep,  
 Or flash a light on the dusky night from swift  
 unlidded eyes,  
 Though pure and sweet as a young star's feet new-  
 set on the yielding skies.

But soft and fair as winds that spare to ruffle an  
 aged head,

Let Life come back on his shining track, and flush  
on the snowy bed,  
And thy soft lids thrill as a sweet flower will when  
a melting bee-mouth sips,  
And the thought that dwells in thy heart's deep  
cells glide murmuring to thy lips.





**FACIT INDIGNATIO VERSUM.**

**F**AIN would I seek and find what I have  
not;  
**I** yearn and hunger for I know not what;  
Vision is fled, and Beauty dwells afar;  
I cannot see the soul of any star.

Dull flames the moon, for me how vainly hung!  
Saith Colour aught? hath Music any tongue?  
Is any azure in the skies above? .  
Or any truth in any woman's love?

O wait on Nature ! bid the billow meet  
The rock in spray and thunder at thy feet !  
The lightning-shaft unseal thy blindness ! bare  
Thy withering bosom to the ample air !

Ah no ! my hour is past, and as a peach,  
Autumn-forgotten, moulders in the reach  
Of scornful fingers, I but woo in vain  
My better soul to kindle me again.

## OUR CROCODILE.



UR crocodile, (Psammarathis,  
A priest at Ombi, told me this,)  
Our crocodile is good and dear,  
And eats a damsel once a year.

To me unworthy hath he done  
This favour three times—one by one  
Three daughters ate ! I praise therefore  
And honour him for evermore.

Each Spring there is an exhibition  
Of maidens, and a competition.  
The baffled fair are blank and spiteful,  
The victor's triumph most delightful.

Three months secluded doth she dwell  
With the high pontiff in his cell,  
Due-worshipping each deity,  
And Venus more especially.

Then, on an island in the Nile,  
They take her to our crocodile,  
He wags his tail, the great jaws stir,  
And make a happy end of her.

B a *bo* ! O you brainless child !  
(My fourth, sir,) dirty, rude, and wild !  
You'll break my heart ! you'll ne'er be meet  
For any crocodile to eat !



INSCRIPTION FOR A STATUE OF  
ECHO.

**M**USEST thou, gazer, what form is mine,  
                   who, eagerly bending  
 Forward, with hollow'd hand aid the  
                   desire of the ear ?

Echo the Nymph's ; and, hast thou the eye of the  
                   poet, Narcissus

Stands not far, not far lures the perfidious stream.  
 Watching he stands with head down-droop'd, as a  
                   whitening fountain,  
 Gracefully leaving, with grace turning again to  
                   the earth.

Wan are the brow, the cheek, the lips that sundering  
                   murmur :—

“ Beautiful image ! ” and I, “ Beautiful image ! ”  
                   reply.

Such my doom, whose mouth is vocal with alien  
                   accents ;

88      *Inscription for a Statue of Echo.*


Blossoms so chime with the bee, so with the  
warbler the bough.

Hast thou a love? then call on her name, and faith-  
fully will I

Echo thy passionate speech, utterer thus of my own.



## IN THE TRAIN.—MIDNIGHT.

WIFT speeds the vivid train, and throws  
 Its jagged shadows down,  
 Like dreams upon the deep repose  
 Of tree, and cot, and town.

Blue soars the cloudless heaven aloft,  
 And bluer than the sky,  
 Bathed in dim moonlight strange and soft,  
 The misty meadows lie.

I muse how earnestly on Aire  
 This gentle moon will gaze,  
 And how dark Chevin will be fair  
 And lovely in her rays.

And in her orb so brightly meek  
 And yon fierce glow I find  
 The image of the scenes I seek,  
 And those I leave behind.

Fair Splendour, hasten as we will,  
Thy light will not remove,  
But I go far and further still  
From all I leave and love.



## THE QUEEN OF PEARLS.



TATELY art thou in thy pomp, with  
 purple veil, wind-fann'd,  
 Floating away from the ebony hair, and  
 ivory wand  
 Leaning back to the shoulder, unheld of the dainty  
 hand

Waking an idle tune from the clink of crystal keys.  
 Sleepeth the casket of gold unlock'd on red-robed  
 knees,  
 Babe-like strewing its pearls on the ground ; I will  
 take of these,

For one is a charm of might, and by whom 'tis  
 held and tried,  
 His are the throne, and wand of rule, and fine-  
 arch'd pride  
 Of lip and brow, and snow-soft limbs, for which  
 kings have died.



But a sultry fire is lit in the sable languid eye,  
And the wand is grasp'd and stirr'd, and falls with  
a shock, and I,  
Blasted with flame intense, shriek out, and shrivel  
and die.



## THE LADY OF THE FOUNTAIN.




KNOW a garden shadow'd by a mountain ;

It lies in bloom around a limpid fountain,  
That leaps not in the day, for then its crystal showers  
Creep secretly away to feed those lovely flowers.

But when the high moon rules, and Vesper grows  
Faint, like a violet dying near a rose,  
The shy flower veils her heart, and sinks into a  
swoon,  
The fountain's silver dart springs quivering in the  
moon.

So, thou being far, the silent thought of thee  
Colours and sweetens life invisibly,  
Until thy smile at length the dreamful craving stills  
And weaves Love's soaring strength from Fancy's  
subtle rills.

## THE BALLAD OF THE BOAT.

 HE stream was smooth as glass, we said :  
 “ Arise and let’s away ;”  
 The Siren sang beside the boat that in  
 the rushes lay ;

And spread the sail, and strong the oar, we gaily  
 took our way.

When shall the sandy bar be cross’d ? When shall  
 we find the bay ?

The broadening flood swells slowly out o’er cattle-  
 dotted plains,

The stream is strong and turbulent, and dark with  
 heavy rains,

The labourer looks up to see our shallop speed away.  
 When shall the sandy bar be cross’d ? When shall  
 we find the bay ?

Now are the clouds like fiery shrouds ; the sun,  
 superbly large,

Slow as an oak to woodman's stroke sinks flaming  
at their marge.

The waves are bright with mirror'd light as jacinths  
on our way.

When shall the sandy bar be cross'd? When shall  
we find the bay?

The moon is high up in the sky, and now no more  
we see

The spreading river's either bank, and surging  
distantly

There booms a sullen thunder as of breakers far  
away.

Now shall the sandy bar be cross'd, now shall we  
find the bay!

The seagull shrieks high overhead, and dimly to  
our sight

The moonlit crests of foaming waves gleam towering  
through the night.

We'll steal upon the mermaid soon, and start her  
from her lay,

When once the sandy bar is cross'd, and we are in  
the bay.

What rises white and awful as a shroud-enfolded  
ghost?

What roar of rampant tumult bursts in clangour on  
the coast?

Pull back! pull back! The raging flood sweeps  
every oar away.

O stream, is this thy bar of sand? O boat, is this  
the bay?



## TO THE MEMORY OF SHELLEY.

**F**OR me didst thou thrill, kindle, watch,  
 and fast,  
 Divinest? and shall I be dead and cold?

Thy spirit's hunger is my soul's repast,

Thy aching toil my treasury of gold.

That I might soar in speculation free

Thou wert Calamity's most iron'd thrall;

Thou gatheredst light with woe and misery,

I look into a book, and have it all.

Cursed be the selfish epicure that feeds

In thankless luxury, nor smitten stops

With sudden tremor of a heart that bleeds

Some pale requital for thy priceless drops!

Where Love is not sad Loveliness deforms,

And Joy without her is a feast of worms.

## WHERE CORALS LIE.



HE deeps have music soft and low  
 When winds awake the airy spry,  
 It lures me, lures me on to go  
 And see the land where corals lie.

By meunt and mead, by lawn and rill,  
 When night is deep, when noon is high,  
 That music seeks and finds me still,  
 And tells me where the corals lie.

Yes, press my eyelids close, 'tis well;  
 But far the rapid fancies fly  
 To rolling worlds of wave and shell,  
 And all the land where corals lie.

Thy lips are like a sunset's glow,  
 Thy smile is like a morning sky,  
 Yet leave me, leave me, let me go  
 And see the land where corals lie.

## KORALLEN.\*

**M**USIK des Meeres, sacht und leise,  
 Die tönet hell und hauchet lind,  
 Und kommt und geht nach schöner Weise,  
 Und saget wo Korallen sind.

Bei Mondenglanz, in Abendschimmer,  
 Wo Berg aufragt, wo Bachlein rinnt,  
 Es regt und rauscht und flüstert immer,  
 O komm wo die Korallen sind !

Ich küsse dich, doch in dem Küssen  
 Die bange Seele träumt und sinnt  
 Von Brandungsschlag an Felsenrissen,  
 Von Tiefen, wo Korallen sind.

Wie Morgenglanz dein Blick entglühet,  
 Wie Morgenroth die Lippe, Kind.  
 Und doch welch mächtig Sehnen ziehet  
 Mich nieder, wo Korallen sind !

\* The author has to thank his friend E. Deutsch, Esq., of the British Museum, for his kind assistance in rendering this translation presentable.



## THE HIGHWAYMAN'S GHOST.



WELVE o'clock—a misty night—  
 Glimpsing hints of buried light—  
 Six years strung in an iron chain—  
 Time I stood on the ground again !

So—by your leave ! Slip, easy enough,  
 Wither'd wrists from the rusty cuff.  
 The old chain rattles, the old wood groans,  
 O the clatter of clacking bones !

Here I am, uncoated, unhatted,  
 Shirt all mildew'd, hair all matted,  
 Sockets that each have royally  
 Fed the crow with a precious eye.

O for slashing Bess the brown !  
 Where, old lass, have they earth'd thee down ?  
 Sobb'st beneath a carrier's thong ?  
 Strain'st a coalman's cart along ?

Shame to foot it !—must be so.  
See, the mists are smitten below ;  
Ov'er the moorland, wide away,  
Moonshine pours her watery day.

There the long white-dusted track,  
There a crawling speck of black.  
The Northern mail, ha, ha ! and he  
There on the box is Anthony.

Coachman I scared him from brown to grey,  
Witness he lied my blood away.  
Haste, Fred ! haste, boy ! never fail !  
Now or never ! catch the mail !

The horses plunge, and sweating stop.  
Dead falls Tony, neck and crop.  
Nay, good guard, small profit thus,  
Shooting ghosts with a blunderbuss !

Crash wheel ! coach over ! How it rains  
Hampers, ladies, wigs, and canes !  
O the spoil ! to sack it and lock it !  
But, woe is me, I have never a pocket !

## FADING-LEAF AND FALLEN-LEAF.



**SAID** Fading-leaf to Fallen-leaf:—

“ I toss alone on a forsaken tree,  
It rocks and cracks with every gust that  
racks

Its straining bulk, say, how is it with thee ?”

Said Fallen-leaf to Fading-leaf:—

“ A heavy foot went by, an hour ago ;  
Crush'd into clay I stain the way ;  
The loud wind calls me, and I cannot go.”

Said Fading-leaf to Fallen-leaf:—

“ Death lessons Life, a ghost is ever wise ;  
Teach me a way to live till May  
Laughs fair with fragrant lips and loving eyes.”

Said Fallen-leaf to Fading-leaf:—

“ Hast loved fair eyes and lips of gentle breath ?  
Fade then and fall—thou hast had all  
That Life can give, ask somewhat now of Death.”

CONSTANCE.

**W**ILL'D God to make  
 Thee, love, a rose,  
 Or with thy soul  
 In flame a star,  
 How should I quake  
 When winds arose,  
 When westering stole  
 The planet far !

But no wild blast  
 Disturbs thy heart,  
 Thy spirit's flame  
 Is bright alway,  
 Troth ever fast ;  
 To-day thou art  
 The very same  
 As yesterday.

Perennial prove  
Thy blossom sweet,  
Thy tender glow  
Undimm'd, while I  
May live and love:—  
Then fade and fleet,  
And tell me so  
'Tis time to die.



## THE LYRICAL POEM.



ASSION the fathomless spring, and  
words the precipitate waters,  
Rhythm the bank that binds these to  
their musical bed.

## THE DIDACTIC POEM.



COULLESS, colourless strain, thy words  
are the words of wisdom.  
Is not a mule a mule, bear he a burden  
of gold?

## SONNET.



WILL not rail, or grieve when torpid eld  
 Frosts the slow-journeying blood, for  
 I shall see

The lovelier leaves hang yellow on the tree,  
 The nimbler brooks in icy fetters held.  
 Methinks the aged eye that first beheld  
 The fitful ravage of December wild,  
 Then knew himself indeed dear Nature's child,  
 Seeing the common doom, that all compell'd.  
 No kindred we to her beloved broods,  
 If, dying these, we drew a selfish breath;  
 But one path travel all her multitudes,  
 And none dispute the solemn Voice that saith :  
 " Sun to thy setting ; to your autumn, woods ;  
 Stream to thy sea ; and man unto thy death ! "

## TO THE SPIRIT OF BEAUTY.

(AFTER COUNTESS HAHN HAHN.)



BRIGHT of my bosom ! O where art thou  
banish'd ?

Is thy resplendence for ever conceal'd ?  
Where is the spell of thy loveliness vanish'd ?  
Where is the glow of thy beauty reveal'd ?

Art thou in heaven's high palace enshrouded,  
Clasping our star in an azure embrace ?  
No ! for the vapours roll forth, and, beclouded,  
Dark is the span of the measureless space.

Say, do the leaves of the forest retain thee,  
Weaving the garment of innocent May ?  
No ! or the wrath of the tempest had slain thee—  
Wildly they quiver, and hurry away.

Blendeth thy soul with the sun in his glory ?  
With the young star is its splendour re-born ?



Dies not the sunlight all lurid and gory ?

Doth not the planet fly pale from the morn ?

No ! thou consortest with no imperfection ;

No ! thou art throned in unchangeable spheres.

Mortal am I, and this helpless affection

Shrinks from thy lustre, and dies in its tears.



## POLYIDUS.



CASTALIAN Apollo, make me musically tell

Of thy servant Polyidus, and what fortune him befell.

Silent in his marble dungeon, round with awful darkness closed,

Sat the seer, the head of Glaucus, lifeless, on his knees reposed—

Glaucus, son of Minos, Creta ruling and all Cyclades,  
Tribute-gatherer, with his navies spreading whiteness over seas.

When the boy was lost and vanish'd, far and wide the father sought

For the soothsayer most skilful—straight was Polyidus brought.

Thoughtfully the sage ascended where the column'd temple crowns

Gnossus' wave-worn headland, lifted high o'er seas and isles and towns,

Saw the gull in ether, twirling shining wings with  
    seabaths wet,  
Saw the cormorant on the billow, on the shore the  
    avocet,  
And one brown-plumed eagle, coming fleetly through  
    the azure air,  
Till its wing dark'd Minos' palace, then it stoop'd  
    and rested there.  
" Search these halls," the seer commanded—long  
    they search'd like men at fault;  
Polyidus grasp'd a taper, down he went into a vault;  
There he saw an active people, burnish'd body,  
    glimmering wing,  
Bees in airy mazes blended with an ireful murmuring;  
Round a honey-cask they gather'd, o'er that cask  
    an owl had place,  
Snapping beak and clutching talons warring with  
    the stinged race.  
Bees and owl he scared, the lidless cask explored,  
    and then saw he  
Glaucus, sweet 'mid sweets, in sweetness dead and  
    stifled bitterly.  
Silent in a trance lethargic sat the miserable king,  
Hearing not the warriors' weeping, not the women's  
    cymballing :

Wild they flew with hair dishevell'd, wild with faces  
torn they ran,

Crying: "Woe for youthful Glaucus, dead a  
deedless, songless man!"

Slow at length the king awaken'd, royally gave he  
command:—

"Build a marble mausoleum, stately as in Memphian  
land."

Swift his thought was overtaken, for the self-same  
sun that fell

Early on the young foundation, set behind the  
pinnacle.

There, within an inner chamber, prison'd he both  
son and seer;

"Bring him back into existence, or thyself continue  
here."

"King, thou doest ill, requiting good with injury."  
But then

Clash'd the unpersuaded portals, severing his com-  
plaint from men.


Sad the augur sat in darkness, loud and tearfully  
he pray'd:—

"Lord of Delphos and of Delos, Pythian, bring  
thy servant aid!"

From the wall a snake came gliding, huge and  
terrible and loth,  
Bronzed its scales with fire and duskness, from its  
jaws flow'd violet froth,  
And its eyes the cell illumined. Up to Glaucus,  
with dire hiss,  
Crept it, round his bosom coiling. Polyidus, seeing  
this,  
Grasp'd his augur-staff, snake-twisted—two great  
strokes, the serpent, slain,  
Lay upon the colour'd pavement with snapp'd spine  
and scatter'd brain.  
Lo ! another snake enormous ! To that slaughter'd  
one it went,  
Lick'd it, writhed itself around it, hissing forth its  
discontent.  
Threateningly did Polyidus raise his staff, but yet  
his blow  
Check'd the augur mild and pious, reverencing  
that serpent's woe ;  
So the snake departed, scatheless. Suddenly it  
came again,  
Straining on with horrid whistlings, in its jaws a  
leaf was lain.

Round its lifeless mate it twisted, laid the chew'd  
leaf upon it—  
Straight the outpour'd brain was gather'd, straight  
the sunder'd spine reknit.  
'Live with giant wreaths resplendent, making all the  
vault to shine,  
Rose that formidable dragon. "Phœbus, the  
portent is thine,"  
Cried the sage, and, forward bending, half despair  
and half belief,  
Touch'd the lifeless youth's pale forehead with the  
serpent-given leaf.  
Lo, the rigid nostril quiver'd, warmly ran each  
thawing vein,  
Light the unglazing eye environ'd—Glaucus stirr'd  
and spoke again.  
Talents ten of gold, of silver vases ten, a lovely slave  
Bearing each, Sidonian curtains, Libyan fleeces,  
Minos gave  
To the augur, for his guerdon. Thus return'd he  
to his friends,  
Blithe in triumph, rich and honour'd. Such the  
boons Apollo sends.

## MUSIDORA.


 T pour'd into an artificial grot,  
 With lazuli, and jet, and almandine,  
 And creamy marble lined ; and round  
 the spot,  
 Citron and lime burn'd through their mask of  
 green,  
 Like eyes of fire, with many a golden blot  
 Staining the sleeping waters. Here, between  
 Sunlight and starlight, silently came she,  
 Pale, pure, and perfect, as a pearl may be.

And now her mantle by the fountain lies,  
 And now her easy bodice is unlaced ;  
 Now the dim-dawning moon her breast espies,  
 Now by her unloop'd locks it is effaced  
 Like snow by sunbeams ; tremblingly she pries  
 A moment round, the next with blushing haste  
 Hurries into the wave, whose plashing din  
 Stammers its triumph at her plunging in.

Tranced in ecstatic languor, like a star

That faints into the sun when first he laves  
The world with light ; as damask scimeter

In silver sheath, so cased in gleaming waves,  
She rests ; her bosom, heaving regular,

The bath with countless rippling lines engraves.  
Around her straying hand the water swirls,  
And her drench'd hair is heavy with its pearls.






## APRIL SHOWERS.

**V**HY mantle with a silver shroud  
 The eyes that should not know a cloud?  
 O charge some venturous word to strip  
 Its rosy secret from the lip,  
 And tell us whence the shower that wets  
 Thy twin unblemish'd violets,  
 And moistens with a glistening streak  
 The flowering red of either cheek.

Pshaw ! as I ask fresh smiles renew  
 The deepening orbs' delicious hue,  
 And dainty pang and mimic smart  
 Fly fawnlike from the flushing heart.  
 So vanish from a gleaming plain  
 Sun-stricken slants of diamond rain—  
 A splendid rainbow spans the blue—  
 And earth and heaven are glad again !

## DURESSE.

HE warder blows a thrilling note,  
 The gate is open'd wide,  
 The bridge is slung across the moat,  
 And in the strangers ride.

'Mid chiefs in armour hard and bright,  
 More spotlessly she shines  
 Than beams the moon on purple night  
 Among the northern signs.

And she will feast from gold, and sip  
 The white wine and the red,  
 The while I press a loathing lip  
 Against my mouldy bread.

And they whose gyves and fetters base  
 These helpless limbs confine,  
 Will look upon the lovely face  
 That looks in vain for mine.

O lady mine, that I might fall  
At thy fair feet again !  
But stubborn is my dungeon-wall,  
And severless my chain.



## THE NIX.

**S**HE crafty Nix, more false than fair,  
 Whose haunt in arrowy Iser lies,  
 She envied me my golden hair,  
 She envied me my azure eyes.

The moon with silvery eiphers traced  
 The leaves, and on the waters play'd ;  
 She rose, she caught me round the waist,  
 She said : “ Come down with me, fair maid.”


She led me to her crystal grot,  
 She set me in her coral chair,  
 She waved her wand, and I had not  
 Or azure eyes or golden hair.

Her locks of jet, her eyes of flame  
 Were mine, and hers my semblance fair :  
 “ O make me, Nix, again the same,  
 O give me back my golden hair !”

She smiles in scorn, she disappears,  
And here I sit and see no sun ;  
My eyes of fire are quench'd in tears,  
And all my darksome locks undone.



## FAIR LISSA.

 HE snow lies hard upon the ground,  
 And ryebread is there none,  
 The people hunger all around  
 From Vistula to Don.

“ There is no fruitage in the wood,  
 No herbage in the bield,  
 The fish have perish'd from the flood,  
 The cattle' from the field.

“ My brother and my kinsmen dear  
 In Muscovy seek bread ;  
 My father lies upon the bier,  
 My mother on the bed.

“ She shall have meat, so bind a cord  
 My slender neck upon,  
 And sell me to the Tartar lord  
 That camps beyond the Don.”

---

“ Now blow ye loud upon the horn  
That they may ope to me,  
Who bring them bounteous store of corn,  
And meat from Muscovy.

“ And call my sister, Lissa sweet,  
For evil may it fare  
With all I drink, with all I eat,  
That Lissa does not share.”—

The snow lay hard upon the ground,  
And ryebread was there none,  
The people hunger'd all around,  
From Vistula to Don.

And so we bound a slender cord  
Her slender neck upon,  
And sold her to the Tartar lord  
That camps beyond the Don.

---

Now Lissa's brother onward fares,  
To Tartary will he ride,  
And twice five hundred Polanders  
Are pacing by his side.

What is it that so wildly flies ?

It is the Tartar horde.

What is it that so gory lies ?

It is the Tartar lord.

Who stands amazed and pale for bliss ?

Fair Lissa, and no other.

Who clasps her with an eager kiss ?

Who but fair Lissa's brother ?

And where the Tartar's head had roll'd,

He set a scornful heel—

“Thou bought'st the Polish maid for gold,

And soldest her for steel.”





## VIOLETS.



OLD blows the wind against the hill,  
 And cold upon the plain ;  
 I sit me by the bank, until  
 The violets come again.

Here sat we when the grass was set  
 With violets shining through,  
 And leafing branches spread a net  
 To hold a sky of blue.

The trumpet clamour'd from the plain,  
 The cannon rent the sky ;  
 I cried, O Love, come back again  
 Before the violets die !

But they are dead upon the hill,  
 And he upon the plain ;  
 I sit me by the bank, until  
 My violets come again.

## BEAUTY.




HERISHING Beauty, deep in thy heart  
 of hearts  
 Folding her, Artist, call her not, dream  
 her not

Thine. Are the sweet cold fires of moonlight  
 Lull'd in a single lakelet's bosom ?

Calm they glide with the river, the cataract  
 Hurls down light with its thunder, the fisherman  
 Wakes new glory on ocean, lifting  
 Silver'd nets and a gleaming burden.



## AUTUMN LOVE.


 S a tender, growing moon  
 Scales a wintry afternoon,  
 Brighter for the sun's decay,  
 Deepening with the dying day ;  
 So, as Hope departs and dies,  
 Love more vigorous doth arise ;  
 Passion with Despondence blent  
 Seems its own accomplishment,  
 Saying, as it yields its bliss :  
 " What did I desire but this ? "

Shall we meet, Louisa ?—Nay,  
 Were we glad in glowing May,  
 When the wedded earth draws on  
 Nigher to the ardent sun,  
 And the blood is young—but now,  
 When the bird-abandon'd bough  
 Sadly from the sodden tree  
 Saith that love can never be ;

Now November stale and sere  
Tends the sickness of the year,  
And the stream is chill and slow,  
And the blast will hardly blow,  
Knowing every breath bereaves  
Beeches of their fiery leaves,  
While the oak's are dun and small,  
And the lime has none at all,  
And the elm her branches froze  
Burnishes and nothing more ;  
Now the mist makes meadows white  
In the murk of middle night,  
And the meagre moon is seen  
Pining in a cirque of green,  
Like an old enchanted king,  
Prisoner in a fairy-ring ;  
Seek the miry woodland ways,  
Where the fungus' self decays :  
There we two will stand alone  
By some ancient oak o'erthrown,  
Saying: " When thy death outshoots  
Emerald leaves and glossy fruits,  
Shall our joy revive, or when  
Thou dost quake and nod again,

As the weary woodman hacks,  
Toiling with a tarnish'd axe,  
Sorrow, will we yield to thee  
This impassibility."



## CARET.



HE lamp burns brightly in the hall,  
 The hand that lit it is not there ;  
 The lute reclines against the wall,  
 But where is she that laid it there ?

Tremendous Night, who dared go forth  
 The fury of thy storms to brave ?  
 The wind runs howling from the north,  
 And southward flies the shrieking wave.

O sit thee by thy lone hearthside,  
 And pile the glowering firebrands higher,  
 And o'er thy threshold she shall glide,  
 And warm her by the welcome fire.

Alas ! the portal will not ope ;  
 Alas ! the ashy brands decay ;  
 'Twas Night alone that nurs'd thy hope,  
 And with her wing 'tis fled away !

## AS I LOVE THEE.




HE wave exults to bear the ship  
 Sublimely o'er the swelling sea,  
 Yet loves not so the wave the ship  
 As I love thee.

The lake delights the lovely swan  
 Reposing on its breast to see,  
 Yet loves not so the lake the swan  
 As I love thee.

Well knows the sky without the sun  
 Its gorgeous clouds would hueless be,  
 Yet loves not so the sky the sun  
 As I love thee.

Thou art my ship, my swan, my sun,  
 I am thy sky, thy lake, thy sea.  
 But O dost thou love me as well  
 As I love thee?

## MUSIC.

OFT as a flash of summer light,  
     A thrill of music sweet  
 Breathed somewhat in the ear of Night,  
 And died along the street.

Grey Night, it said, from amorous tongue,  
     From minstrel, and from bird,  
 Since first thy heaven with stars was hung  
     What carols thou hast heard !

If only we could call the ghost  
     Of each forgotten strain !  
 If all the silver-sounding host  
     Made melody again !

If every song whose magic made  
     Yon stars more deeply burn,  
 Then fled and wither'd like a shade,  
     Could like a shade return !



Alas ! the Lovely will not stay,  
We cannot bind the Fair ;  
Even as I speak I pass away,  
And go I know not where.





## TRANSLATIONS.

### THE SONG OF THE ARCHANGELS.



OW, as has ever been, the Sun  
Makes music 'mid his brother  
spheres,

As his predestined course to run  
With steps of thunder he careers.  
New strength the gazing angels draw  
Though he be comprehended never.  
Thy works, O Lord, Creation saw  
Sublime—sublime are they for ever !

And swifter far than tongue can say,  
The circling earth in splendour ranges,

And the fair glow of Eden-day  
With deep and awful night exchanges.  
The waters foam up from the ocean,  
And scourge the rocks with frenzied force,  
And the swift spheres' eternal motion  
Whirls all along in breathless course ;

And fury of unbridled storms  
On every land and sea has birth,  
And, raging in contention, forms  
A chain of terror for the earth.  
The thunder crashes—on its way  
The lightning flames forth to destroy ;  
But the mild process of Thy day  
Thy servants, Lord, revere with joy.

And we are strengthen'd to all time  
By scanning what we fathom never,  
The first day saw Thy works sublime,  
And they are still sublime for ever.

GOETHE.

## SUNSET.

(FAUST LOQUITUR.)



HAPPY he

Who yet may hope to rise from Error's  
sea !

Our little lore is little aid, and what  
Perchance were worth the knowing, we know not.  
Yet be not the last ray of this fair day  
Dimm'd by the plaint of an uneasy mind !  
Lo, where the sun sinks bright, and bathes in light  
The cots with countless clustering leaves entwined !  
It sinks—the Day has lived her term of life,  
Yet speeds she on, and claims the treasure back.  
O for a wing to lift me from this strife,  
Plant me in Heaven and launch me on her track !  
Begirt with parting sunbeams would I sail,  
And watch the wide world at my feet unroll'd,  
Each hill alit, a calm on every vale,  
And every brook a wandering thread of gold.

Not all the savage mountain's soaring peaks  
Were barriers to impede my godlike flight,  
The spreading sea to her remotest creeks  
Lay as a map below my giddy sight.  
The Sun at length in Night's cold clasp must fade,  
But what avails my ardent course to bind?  
I chase the fleeting splendour undismay'd,  
The Day before me, and the Night behind,  
The unbounded heaven above, the unbounded sea  
Below—Bright vision, art thou vanishing?  
Forbear thy dreams, fond soul, 'tis not for thee  
To beat immortal air with mortal wing.  
Yet is there not a son of clay but feels  
Some high emotion in his breast take birth  
When from the blue that her frail form conceals  
The lark's glad song descends to earth.  
When eagles wide their wings expand  
O'er the steep mountain's piny crest,  
And o'er wide wastes of sea and land  
The crane steers for her southern nest.

GOETHE.

## MIGNON'S SONG.

**K**NOW'ST thou the land where flowers  
                   the citron-bloom,  
 And golden orange glows in leafy gloom?

A soft wind flutters from the soft blue sky,  
 Still stands the myrtle and the laurel high.  
 Know'st thou it well?

                  O there, O there,  
 My Friend, my Love, might thou and I repair!

Know'st thou the house? on pillars rests its roof,  
 The high hall shines, the chamber gleams aloof,  
 And marble statues stand and gaze on me,—  
 What is it they have done, poor child, to thee?  
 Know'st thou it well?

                  O there, O there,  
 My Friend, my Guide, might thou and I repair!

Know'st thou the mountain path, in vapours grey  
 Immersed? the slow mule picks his foggy way;

In caves abide the dragon's ancient brood ;  
Crashes the rock, and over it the flood,  
Know'st thou it well ?

O there, O there,  
My Friend, my Father, let us both repair !

GOETHE.



## IN A GLADE.



N a glade  
 I idly went,  
 Nought to seek  
 Was my intent.

I saw a flower  
 In shelter shy,  
 Fair as a star,  
 Sweet as an eye.

I stoop'd to pluck it,  
 Then did it say :  
 " Why be gather'd  
 To fade away ?"

I gently loosed  
 The earth around,  
 Bore it home to my  
 Garden-ground.



*In a Glade.*

In a nook

The flower I set,  
There it grows and  
Blossoms yet.

GOETHE.



## ADIEU, HEART'S LOVE, ADIEU !

**H**E built upon the mountain  
 That rises in the North ;  
 The tempest roars around him,  
 And will not let him forth.

The clouds are full of blackness,  
 The path is steep and bare,  
 O heart's love on the mountain,  
 O would with thee I were !

O fair upon the mountain,  
 Above the cloud and blast,  
 Where sky is warm and sunlit,  
 And eagles hurry past !  
 My wings, alas ! are broken,  
 And lift me not, before  
 I go unto my heart's love,  
 And enter at his door.

That I have built my dwelling  
 High on the mountain's crown,

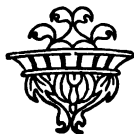
Alas ! 'tis all my sorrow,  
No more may I come down.  
The bolts and bars are rusted,  
And crumbled is the stair.  
O heart's love in the valley,  
O would with thee I were !

O fair within the garden !  
O fair within the grove !  
Where birds upon the branches  
Are singing of their love !  
No flower have I to garland,  
No song to sing, before  
I go unto my heart's love,  
And enter at her door.

And up the steep she presses,  
Nor heeds the bolts and bars,  
And now her soul is winged,  
And borne up to the stars ;  
And higher yet, and higher  
To Him up in the blue,  
Her faithful heart she carries,—  
Adieu, heart's love, adieu !

And down the steep he presses,  
And through the wood he goes,  
And hears the shepherds' music,  
And sees the blowing rose.  
And deeper yet, and deeper  
Beneath the grass and dew  
His haughty heart reposes,—  
Adieu, heart's love, adieu !

BRENTANO.



## SONNETS FROM MICKIEWICZ.

## I.



ASTWARD, the sun arises clad in gold,  
Westward, the waning moonbeam  
disappears ;

Like spreading fires the rose's buds unfold,  
The violet droops, borne down by dewy tears.

My Laura, from her casement, bright and glad,  
Shines forth upon me, on my knees I bow ;  
Winding her golden tresses, " Why so sad  
The moon," she asks, " the violet, and thou ?"

'Tis eve, how changed ! With added glory burns  
The orient moon, and, now no more forlorn,  
The violet drinks the sweet reviving breeze ;  
And Laura to her oriel returns  
In lovelier garb, with dearer charms, and sees  
Me sad as erst she saw me in the morn.

## II.

## BAKCHISHERAI.—EVENING.



ROWDS stream out from the mosques,  
the Izan's sound

Dies in the evening hush ; the western  
skies

Crimson like virgins ; rising silver-crown'd  
The queenly Moon to Night's embraces hies.

Those deathless odalisks of Heaven's hareem,  
The stars, unveil ; a lonely cloud is roll'd

Past by the wind, so bears an azure stream  
A sleeping swan's white plumage, fringed with  
gold.

Cypress and minar shades here blended lie,  
Here giant rocks high council seem to keep,  
Like Eblis' senate, glooming all the mead.

Sometimes a lightning, kindling by their steep,  
Furrows the silent space of sapphire sky,  
Like a lone Arab flying on his steed.

## III.

## ALLOUPKA.—MORNING.

**F**ROM the gaunt peaks the sailing vapours  
 go ;  
 Like prayers, the harvests murmur in  
 the wind ;

Bow'd woods salute the sun ; like garnets glow  
 Their fiery fruits, in massy foliage shrined.

The meadows wave with flowers, through all the air  
 Bright butterflies, the animated spray  
 Of diamond fountains, rise and fall, lo where  
 The banded locusts darken o'er their prey !

The bald-brow'd rock frowns sternly on the wave,  
 The waters chafe, and in their angry foam  
 Sports a wild splendour, as in tigers' eyes,  
 And gleams with wrath and hurricane to come.  
 But the far sea is hush'd, and calm and grave  
 As a proud swan each snowy vessel lies.

## IV.

## THE ROCK OF AIUDAH.



IUDAH! See the blackening waves  
advance

Against the shore, like armies to the  
fray,

Then break in silvery clouds, while rainbows dance  
In the long lines of diamonded spray!


They strike, they break, they die on the lagoon  
Like stranded whales, their long triumphant swell  
Now hides the prostrate shore, retreating soon  
They leave the pearl, the coral, and the shell.

So, youthful bard, will Passion's surges roll  
On thy young heart, but do thou seize the lyre  
And wake the soul of music, at her hymn  
The threatening floods will suddenly retire,  
And on the strand of thy deliver'd soul  
Leave songs whose splendours never shall be dim.



## ANACREONTICS.

## I.


 ROSE of all roses,  
 Beautiful flower,  
 Darling of Venus,  
 Pride of the bower,  
 Rosa is far thy  
 Beauties above ;  
 Roses are lovely,  
 Rosa is love.  
 As at the sunbreak  
 Planets expire,  
 So must thy crimson  
 Pale and retire,  
 Match'd with the blushes  
 Glowing as May,  
 Where the blind archer  
 Ambusheth aye.  
 Lovers' affection  
 Thou can'st not see,

Cold are the Zephyr's  
Kisses to thee,  
But a sweet sadness  
Silters *her* eyes,  
As my soft verses  
Hearing, she sighs.  
On thy green stalk, then,  
Tranquil repose,  
Why should I pluck thee?  
I have my rose!

## II.

Lucy, all sweetness,  
Beauty, and grace,  
Whisper no longer,  
Look in my face.  
Vows of affection  
Who shall believe?  
Eyes of affection  
What shall deceive?  
Some there are, doubtless,  
Who would rejoice  
Listing the music  
Of thy sweet voice.

Mine be thy glances  
Loving and true ;  
Lips may dissemble,  
Eyes never do !

BOCAGE.



## SPRING.



OW blue  
The heaven's hue !  
How green

The meadows' sheen !  
Above the green, below the azure, hark !  
The clear-tongued carol of the merry lark !  
That woos the sun out of his cloud  
To list to her singing so loud.

How blue,  
How green,  
The heaven's hue,  
The meadows' sheen !  
Green is the mead, sky azure—verily  
Thou'rt lovely, Spring—and a great fool am I  
To sit in my chamber without thee,  
Hamm'ring at verses about thee !

PETÖFI.\*

\* The Burns of Hungary.

## O BLESSED NIGHT !



BLESSED Night ! I and my darling sit  
 In her dear garden, and alone in it.  
 All, all is still, save for a far hound's  
 whining.

In heaven's blue height,  
 With dreamy light,  
 Moon and her star are shining.

A quiet star like yon I could not be,  
 God knows. How blithe from the monotony  
 Of Eden's space serene, of Abraham's bosom,  
 Down would I wing  
 Each evening  
 To thee, my gentle blossom !

PETÖFI.





